sorbed my remaining patience. It was no good to try to read or work.
After dinner, picked out the piano and violin sonata that Magnard has just sent me.

The best moment of the day is the half-hour I spend in my tub (in d'Aurevilly's manner) calmly finishing Ferrero's first chapter *(Antony and Cleopatra).*

2

January

Visit of Giovanni Papini, the editor of the review *Leonardo.* Younger than I had thought, with an expressive and almost handsome face. A bit too irrepressible, yet not so much so as the other Italians I know. Too full of compliments, but seems nevertheless to think a part of what he says. Like all the Italians I know, has too high an idea of his own importance; or at least shows it too much; or in a different way from a Frenchman's. If he only knew how hard it is for me to take myself seriously! . . .

After Papini has left, I read three chapters of Ferrero; and after dinner, a fourth.

The important thing for me now is not so much what I read as how I read it, the attention that I bring to it. I must struggle by every means against the breaking up and scattering of my thought. It is for *this reason* likewise that I have harnessed myself to this journal again, without any great pleasure, but as a means of getting myself into the spirit for work. But what can I dare to hope for if, as soon as I begin working again, sleep again quits me?

3

January

What a happy period it was when, master of all my hours, I had so well arranged them that each one was completely filled, when not even ,the least quarter of an hour went by without carrying its weight of ac-

complishment! My whole work was arranged in advance; before going to bed at night, I knew what I should do the next day; one occupation rested me from another. I liked the restraint imposed by that method and kept utterly faithful to myself by living up to my resolutions.

Perhaps I could not have continued without some artificial tenseness. * . .

5 January

Wrote nothing last night. Read nothing. Is that why I slept better? In bed soon after dinner, I succeeded in almost filling that vast cup with sleep and in emptying it without coming up for breath too often. I get •up this morning with my head solidly set on my shoulders.

Very tiring day yesterday. The weather was fine. I should have liked to ride my bicycle to the Latin Quarter, where I had business to con-